

VOL. XXIV--NO. 39--WHOLE NO. 1300.

The man chosen to lead the expedition was Capt. A. D. Straight, of the 51st Ind., who had heretofore attracted much attention by his zeal, enterprise and courage. He was alert, vigilant, quick to see and take advantage of opportunities, and was a man of many successful ventures which seemed exceedingly risky. He was eager for this new enterprise, and Rosecrans's orders to him were to fit out a force of veterans and thoroughly able-bodied men taken from the infantry, but to be well mounted. Here was the first mistake. While all of Straight's men were good riders, being country boys from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, yet many of them were not for the best of riders to learn before he

A map of Georgia with major cities labeled: Savannah, Columbus, Macon, and Atlanta. A dashed line connects Savannah to Columbus, and another dashed line connects Columbus to Macon. A solid line connects Macon to Atlanta. The state boundary with Alabama is shown on the left.

men were absolutely worn out by this time, and, unable to keep up with the column, were captured by the enemy. Streight's condition was desperate. His men had marched to the last limit of endurance, and his only hope was to get across the Coosa River to Rome and destroy the bridge, which would delay Forrest a day or two, given time for the men to come to sleep and the scouting parties opportunity to collect precious horses.

**A Brief Rest.**

At 4 p. m., May 2, Streight reached Blount's plantation, about 15 miles from Gadsden, where he found forage for his men and ordered to halt, rest and feed, although this was again to bring

**Could Not Have Succeeded.**  
In his report Col. Streight says:  
"In reviewing the history of this ill-fated expedition I am convinced that had we been furnished at Nashville with 800 good horses, instead of poor, young mules, we would have been successful, in spite of all other drawbacks; or if Gen. Dodge had succeeded in detaining Forrest one day longer we would have been successful, even with our poor outfit."  
Looking at the matter in the light of to-day it does not seem possible that it could have succeeded, even had it been


was a dark, smoky, windy day, and the air was so thick that it hid a goodly number of the country folk from them who could be seen. Van Dorn pushed his troops forward over the fields that were later to see the terrible slaughter of Hood's army, to Franklin, and at noon came the contact between the pickets of the two armies. The men of the town, who promptly fell back on the 49th Ohio. In spite of Van Dorn's overwhelming numbers, possibly because of the obscurity of the place, prevented the country folk from seeing the disparity of the forces, the 40th Ohio turned at bay and stubbornly refused to be driven back until it had exhausted its ammunition and covered the ground in front of

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**Not Inviting to Any Scene.**

I have visited all the packing-houses in Chicago. I took a nice, hot, steamy July day to make my visits, and I made the rounds between 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m. There is nothing that anybody living or dead can tell me about the 760 smells of Cologne, or was it 750? If it was the latter, why, then, I am still confident that I can recognize and catalogue 751. With those smells, as with chiggers, you may bathe in camphor, and rub down with colloid, but if you put on a scrap of cloth, nothing will take you to take your bath you will find the chiggers still with you, and if you do any of the clothing worn in those packing-houses you will carry with you those 761 smells. Noth- ing but burying them for a year in rich, mellow loam will divest your clothes of those peculiar, indescribably disgusting packing-house smells.

There are 761 smells, and I am saying that those smells are the product of filth, for I do not mean that. They are meat smells, each varying with the other as one steak differs from another. There is a hog smell, and a hog smell, and a veal smell, and a sheep smell, and they all have intermediate smells of their very own, such as the first small mutt you ever saw, and the different saucy smells, each a little worse than the



**STARTING A BEEF ALONG THE LINE.**

driving was not cruelly done. The men who were doing the driving couldn't speak United States—you won't find many packing-house employees of this kind who can—but they drove in a leisurely fashion, having a small quill which they occasionally snapped over the heads of the front hogs and the tails of those behind. Grunting, squealing, they loped along, sometimes stopping, where they were permitted to rest, for they must not be too much heated when they reach the guillotine, you know.

On the last lap a hundred or so in a bunch are permitted to rest for five or 10 minutes to cool off, and they lay down and went to sleep, hoglike. But the rest, scene! It is something awful, squealing, kicking, grunting, snorting, they are yanked into the atmosphere by

Suddenly the hog disappears, black, smelly, bloody, into a sort of a dark tunnel, and the next moment he is white and smooth as the cheek of the moon, and mown youth after his first shave. Big hogs, little hogs and just pigs, those knives adjust themselves to the anatomy of the hog, and he is ready for a shave." The hog plunges from the chute down an incline, to where he is caught by a man who cuts his throat with a gash of his knife, and the pig is then taken to the department of the Government Inspector, who stands with a sharp knife in his hand and cuts the throat glands of every hog as it passes him. He can tell at a glance whether the hog is a good one or not, and if they are, out goes Mr. Hog's condemnation. If they are all right, the hog is passed on, his head finished off by the next men, a hook yanks him up, and from the hook he slides into the next chute, on his way to his finish. The next man slits the belly, the next man removes the entrails, and these automatically slide down into the hands of the Government Inspector, who is the superintendent of each lot by tearing them apart to see the kidneys, heart and liver. I know the Inspector does not see them all, for while I stood watching him the internal organs came out of the chute and slid into the chute or feeder, while he was examining rather minutely the set that came down before these he missed.

Let me tell you, this inspecting business is a very important one. The men stand in that one place, gashing glands, tearing entrails apart and inspecting other portions of the carcass at various stages until at last the hog is ready to be cooked. The hog is then consumed from the yanking up on the wheel to the cutting in half and slide into the cooling room not being more than 10 minutes, I should think. If the hog would be in the cooling room within five minutes after he got his hot bath.

I told you that hog, as I have said, to his finish, where he was chopped up

Now, about the dirt. Nearly all that I saw was necessary. That is not paradoxical. The offal of slaughtered creatures, the necessary refuse of the kitchen as well as I do. It seemed to me that this was handled as expeditiously and in as sanitary a manner as possible. The floors in the sausage rooms, the corridors, the stairways, the tables, the floors and many of the other rooms were of wood, and they were as clean as any old wooden floor could well be made, yet damp with the night's scrubbing and the morning's rain. The floors of the stairways and all were liberally sprinkled with salt, which is considered sanitary. The girls who were working at these things had to stand upon their boards to keep their feet from the salty floor and the dampness caused by the steam of cooking meats, beans and the like. But those floors were clean and the girls were clean. The girls kept small fresh ones just under the tables at which they worked. The walls were most of them very well whitewashed. It was told that when washing the walls during the time, but I did not learn that the force of painters and whitewashers had been greatly augmented in the last month. The light from the table lamps was very bright with the stained goods was excellent—far better, in fact, than it is in many of the Government Departments in Washington. The tables were of iron, and the floor beneath them was of iron. A slot in this along the sides where the cutting and sorting of the sausage and dried meats, cutting pork for baked beans and all that was going on, was of the same clean iron, and for the grease of the day's work, and so did the boards. To satisfy myself that there was no old grease I pulled off my gloves and tested with my fingers. I found that it, every barrel in which meat was being dumped, every iron cart in which meat was being carried from one process to another, just like the word of one who knows when grease is a week old on a kitchen table and when it is only a day old. Those tables and receptacles were clean. I smelled

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ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT MICRO-  
SCOPIC MEAT INSPECTORS.